

Brief History of Dan Crook

Dan Crook was born in Turton, Lancashire, England, 12 June 1801, the son of Thomas and Nancy Walsh Crook. From his journal we quote:

"January first, 1851, we left old England to come to America on the Ship "Ellen". There were about 475 passengers, a crew of 25 men, making 500 in all. We landed in St. Louis, March 25th. We remained here until April 13th. Then we ~~XXXXXX~~ started for Kanesville or Council Bluffs City. Here I worked six weeks fitting up wagons. They said all should go to Utah as wanted to. But when the time came around for going, we were told there was no room. All the talk through the winter and spring was to fit up and prepare to gather to Utah the coming summer. So everybody that could work turned in and were organized into companies, some working fitting up wagons, chains, yokes, etc. Others in timbers. About the first of May the first companies started for Utah. I was very disheartened when I was told there was no show for me to get away."

In July Dan Crook was taken ill with chills and fever. On the 2nd of August he died and the next day was buried in the cemetery one half mile north of Kanesville. His son John and son-in-law Edmund Kay dug the grave. Mr. Greer came and took the body to the cemetery, John Crook & Edmund Kay filled the grave.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF GRANDFATHER DAN CROOK (Taken from John W. Crook F R Book)

Dan Crook who was born on June 12, 1801, seemed to be of a religious turn of mind as were his parents, Thomas and Nanny, (Hannah), also his Grandfather Peter Crook, the latter seemed to have become dissatisfied with the English Church and left it and become a Presbyterian. Thomas was also a Presbyterian.

Dan writes: I was strongly attached to the Presbyterian Church and did rejoice at certain times in the principles which the ministers did preach according to the little which they had. Although at certain times I went to other places of worship, but could not join myself to them. For sometime I began to be careless and indifferent about attending a place of worship. I became rather careless and ill-tempered and worldly. I was afflicted at different times which made me rather quick tempered.

Time passed away, years rolled by, hours, days, and months fled away and was forgotten as it were lost in the distance. About the year of our Lord 1840 when to my joy and satisfaction I heard of a new religion called the Latter-Day-Saints. He states je jad heard of them before through a brother Moon. He says he thought little of it at first. He laughed and scoffed at an Angle talking to man. He concluded to go and hear them. Robert Holden a cousin told him of the missionaries. We (Holden) agreed to go and hear them just for curiosity. One Sunday about the latter end of July 1840 we went to Bolton. They met in a room at back of King Street in an upper room, up two flights of steps. We crept up one pair and came to the landing and listened a little, we heard something new. We ventured up the other pair of stairs and got to the end of a form (bench) that was nearest us and sat down like somebody that had stollen something. We harkened like a "pig in thunder" as the old saying is, and we heard strange things from the scriptures which we never understood before but we could recollect having read them, but did not understand them. After the meeting we had some conversation with the people. They told us about an Angle appearing to a man in America and about the Book of Mormon etc. We thought it was something strange. We started for home talking about the things we had heard. We met the man that had been preaching. His name was Joseph Barrow. He gave us a paper of about four leaves, I think it was called "The Timely Warning". He told us to read it. We took it and came on our way and felt some ways happy at the things we had heard.

When we had got something about two miles out of town we could not feel satisfied till we had read the paper. We sat down under the edge by the wayside and read it. We thought the things in it was in accordance to the scriptures, that we could not deny. Then we came home and felt happy. I then began to believe in the things we had heard and was convinced that they were in accordance to the scriptures."

Grandfather was baptized 9 October 1849, was ordained a priest and labored as a home missionary. Uncle Peter Mayo said he accompanied him on a number of occasions to some of the surrounding villages. On December 5th (year not given) he relates the following: "Brother Beswick and I attened Walkerfold, Horwich. As we went it was dark and wet. We had a few people there. We preached unto them and had pretty good liberty when we came away it was so dark we could not see our way. It was so dark that we asked our Father to bless us and give us light. He did so. The canopy of Heaven began to open in white streaks so that we had light to find our path. We stood in the middle of a gread field and returned thanks for it and then came on our way."

John Crook, son of Dan Crook, stated in his journal, that his Father was very disappointed when they told him for the third time that he would not be able to go to Utah (Dan Crook was a wheelwright by trade and his services were needed at Council Bluff to outfit the company's that were leaving for Utah) he became very discouraged and when he became ill with the chills and fever, he didn't seem to have the strength to fight. John states that he died of a broken heart.

DAN CROOK, SR.

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